

The Rev. John Langdon, a superannuated minister in Toronto Conference, finished his course at Prince Albert, February 20th. He was ninety-four years of age. He laboured very acceptably in the Bible Christian denomination, England. In 1850 he came to Canada, and first settled in Hope and latterly in Prince Albert. He sustained a superannuated relation since 1847. He was a good man and maintained a blameless reputation throughout a long life.

The Rev. Robert Fowler, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., a member of the London Conference, has passed away to join the great multitude in heaven. He was the son of an eminent Wesleyan minister in England, the late Rev. Joseph Fowler, who was Secretary of the Conference, and was the anticipated President the year he died. Brother Fowler was intended for the medical profession, but felt himself called to the ministry. He joined the Wesleyan Conference in 1853. Failure of health compelled him to retire for one year in 1863,

but he re-entered in 1864 and travelled until 1884, when failure of health again compelled him to retire. For several months prior to his decease he was confined to bed. He was greatly respected on all the circuits where he travelled. As a preacher he was Methodist to the core. As a pastor he was especially beloved. In this respect he very much resembled his sainted father. He was a member of three General Conferences. During his last illness he wrote a fine Christmas poem—"Saved by Hope"—a triumphant swan song of the dying saint. It issued from the press the very day he died. Its closing words are these:

"To God my Saviour glory be,
Who gave His blood to ransom me;
To God the Father's boundless love
His Son to death which Him did
move
Freely to render up for me;
And God the Spirit, Holy One,
Who makes to me this Gospel known,
Glory for evermore shall be,
Glory to all eternity!"

Book Notices.

In Divers Tones. By CHARLES D. ROBERTS. 12mo, pp. 134. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The accomplished author of "Orion" brings here another sheaf of poems worthy of his fame. This dainty volume is one of the most important contributions yet made to our native literature. We are struck with the variety of subjects and variety of metres. No Canadian poet, we think, has so caught the classic spirit in the treatment of classic themes. The "Actæon," "Pipes of Pan," "Off Pelorus," and "A Ballade of Calypso" are not unworthy of Landon or Keats at their best. The latter poem has richness of rhythm and music of words like Swinburne's most melodious verse. In "Cuthbert the Monk" and in "Notre Dame" our poet has caught the very spirit of mediævalism. We prefer, however, his Canadian bal-

lads, in which he sketches with loving hand "the long dikes of Westmoreland," "The green plains of Tantramar," the brown streams and flashing rapids of his native New Brunswick. In his charming sonnets his keen sympathy with nature is strongly seen, and in several of his poems throbs a stirring patriotic pulse. We give as an example his fine "Collect for Dominion Day":—

"Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and Destroyer, at whose just command
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
Of our scant people make a mighty State!